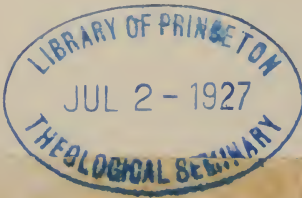




Discarded



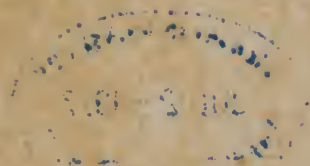
Division

I

Section

7

p. 129-130 mutilated









Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

THE
MASSACHUSETTS
Baptist Missionary Magazine.

VOL. III.]

MAY, 1813.

[No. 10.]

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM INDIA.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Dr. Carey to Rev. Dr. Rogers, of Philadelphia, dated Oct. 20, 1812.

My dear Brother,

I HAVE been at the gate of death again lately, and am scarcely recovered yet. A bilious fever so reduced me, that I had no hope of a recovery. On a survey of my state, I thought I could clearly see that all my hopes were fixed on my Redeemer; but with respect to myself I could perceive nothing but a long scene of ingratitude to God, and neglect of his ways, such as to fill me with deep loathing of myself.

I have written to brother Staughton a detailed account of the change of sentiment which has induced brother and sister Judson, American Missionaries, to be baptized publickly at Calcutta, and of the probability that brother Rice will follow their steps. I refer you to him for that, and have referred him to you for an account of the state of the Mission among us.

Great have been the ravages made among us by death in the last year. Brother and sister Marden, and two of their children—two children of brother Chamberlain—sister Moore—and three more children, all removed in twelve or fourteen months. How entirely do we depend on God for every thing.

Our printing-office was also destroyed by fire—a loss of 60,000 rupees to the Mission, besides 10,000 to the Bible Society. This was a heavy blow, not only on account of the pecuniary loss, but as it totally stopped our printing of the Scriptures in the oriental

languages. The manuscripts consumed will not be all replaced for a long time to come, however hard we labour at them.

We however immediately began to recast the types, and to labour to begin printing again as soon as possible. May the Lord stand by us, and enable us to hold on in this great work till it be accomplished. I am printing a grammar of the Punjabee language, and another of the Telinga, and am preparing grammars of the Kur-nata and Oorissa languages. My son, who is now for a short time with us, is preparing a grammar of the Burman language.

The work of conversion is going forward in several places, but particularly at Calcutta. About twenty persons are now expecting to join the church there in a month or two more. The Lord has done great things for us, in that and other places, and given us much occasion to rejoice in his name.

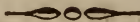
We have stations now at Agra, Digga, Patna, Goamalti, Dinagepore and Sadamahl, Cutwa, Changach'ha in Jessore, Serampore; Calcutta, Balasore in Oorissa, Rangoon, and at Columba in Ceylon. Brother Robinson is waiting for a conveyance to Java, and brother Carapeit Aratoon to Bombay, where they hope to found stations.

My son Felix arrived here about a month ago from Rangoon: He is now labouring to print at least the Gospel by St. Matthew, to take back with him. He is also going to print a grammar of that language. That country is in a most deplorable state, through its intestine commotions and the oppressions of the Government, which is beyond conception.

I would strongly recommend to our Baptist brethren in America, the forming of a Mission Society, either as an auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society in England, or separate from it. The change of sentiment in brethren Judson and Rice, is a strong inducement for you so to do, and lays the churches in America under obligations different from any under which they lay before.

I am very affectionately yours,

W. CAREY.



Presuming that it will be highly gratifying to the friends of the translation of the sacred Scriptures in India, to know that the money which was so generously subscribed has been duly received, we hasten to lay before them the following.

Extract of a Letter to Samuel Salisbury, Esq. of Boston, dated Serampore, Oct. 20, 1812, which we have been kindly favoured with for this purpose.

Dear Sir,

BY our brethren Mr. Johns and Mr. Lawson, we have been favoured with the fruits of the regard which our American friends bear to the Sacred Scriptures, the sum of 4640 dollars.* So large

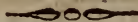
* His Honor WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Esq. has also received a letter acknowledging the receipt of \$1000 given by him, being part of the above sum.

a sum subscribed for the Word of God, almost wholly by two towns, Boston and Salem, fills us with equal gratitude and surprize. Nor can we pass by, unnoticed, your personal exertions in this almost unprecedented effort of Christian liberality, which you so much forwarded both by your own liberal contribution; and, what was still more important to us, by your voluntary services in rendering the generous efforts of others efficient, through their confidence in your diligence and integrity in conveying the whole to us. We entreat you to add another favour to those for which we are already indebted to you, by conveying to our worthy friends with you, in any way you may judge best, the deep sense we have of this their labour of love to the Sacred Word, and to the souls of the heathens who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, for want of the light thereof; and to acquaint them with a fact which it would be unjust to withhold from their knowledge—that, by this exertion of Christian liberality, *two towns* have sowed the Word of Life for a whole nation! This sum being fully sufficient to defray the expenses of translating and printing a first edition of the New Testament in almost any of the dialects of India; so that the fruits of their Christian love may, through the Divine blessing (which we entreat them constantly to implore) thereon, spring up from age to age in the country thus enlightened, even to the day of Jesus Christ. Glorious thought! Yet nothing less will be the fruit of this one effort of Christian liberality, (perhaps begun and ended in a month) if it be wisely and faithfully applied, which it shall be ours to do to the utmost of our ability. We inclose the last statement of the Translations in our hands, which you are welcome to communicate to the gentlemen to whom we feel so much indebted, in any way you like.

With our warmest thanks to them and you, I remain, dear Sir, (for my brethren) your obliged friend and servant in our common Lord,

JOSHUA MARSHMAN.

DEACON SALISBURY.



The following Letter, received by the Reaper from Mr. Judson, we deem of sufficient importance to authorize its insertion entire, as it contains a number of particulars relative to the Baptist Mission in India, not generally known in this country.

Calcutta, October 22, 1812.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I WROTE you the 1st ult. by the Tartar, and forwarded a duplicate by the Caravan a fortnight after. Dr. Marshman wrote you by both these conveyances. I send this by the Reaper, which carries letters from Dr. Marshman to you, and from Dr. Carey to Drs. Rogers, Staughton and Williams. In this, I am able to write more definitely than before. Brother Luther Rice has lately changed his sentiments on the subject of baptism. He has not yet been baptized; but is perfectly united with me in sentiment and design.

We have finally, after long deliberation, and with the advice of our brethren at Serampore, fixed on Java, as the field of our missionary labours. There is no mission in this, or any other of the Eastern Islands.

The Missionaries at Serampore agree with us in opinion, that, if their Baptist brethren in America are disposed to enter into the plan, the cause of Christ will be best promoted by having an *American Baptist Mission* in these parts, as well as an *English Baptist Mission*. If, however, the number of those in America who are favourable to such a mission be so small, and their resources so scanty, as to be inadequate to the undertaking, the Serampore missionaries doubt not that their Society in England will receive us as their missionaries, depending on assistance from the American Society as an *auxiliary*. The former plan, as you will easily imagine, would be more congenial to our feelings, and we cannot doubt the pecuniary resources of the Baptist churches in America. It is, however, necessary to state, that the expenses of a mission in the east will much exceed your expectations. The Serampore missionaries who adopt the most economical measures, found it necessary to allow Mr. Robinson and wife, who were intended some months ago for Java, but have not yet sailed, one hundred and forty rupees (870) per month. They also allow Mr. Chater and wife, with two children, in the island of Ceylon, one hundred and sixty rupees per month.

I wish also to state the following plan of the Serampore mission, which we cordially approve and wish to adopt. All the pecuniary avails of any of the brethren, as well as all monies received from the Society in England, belong to the common treasury. Dr. Carey's salary, in the college, of 12,000 rupees, per annum; Dr. Marshman's income from the school, and Mr. Ward's avails of the printing-press, are as much devoted to the common cause, as receipts from England. Out of the public treasury, each man, woman and child, belonging to the mission, receives a monthly allowance for clothes, &c. which varies, according to age and circumstances, from 20 to 40 rupees. The whole family, as well as the boarders, eat at a common table. The table expenses, as well as all the expenses of the mission, arising from building, repairs, servants, pundits, native preachers, &c. are defrayed by appropriations from the public fund. The fund for translating and printing is preserved distinct, in order to secure the subscriptions of some who might be unwilling to contribute to the common object. A missionary in an out-station receives an allowance proportioned to the expense of his situation. Should he be able to lessen this by a school, or by any other means, he is obliged to do so; and should his avails exceed his expenditure, the surplus reverts to the public treasury. Still farther, all the lands and buildings, belonging to the mission at Serampore and elsewhere, are deeded to the Society in England.

Thus, Sir, you see, that the whole system in all its parts, is disinterested. No missionary has any private property. All opportuni-

ties, and therefore, all temptations to *lay up money*, are effectually precluded. The Society at home have the utmost security for the honest application of the money which they remit; and should any wish to satisfy themselves on this point, the cash accounts of the mission are always open to examination.

Brother Rice and myself intend writing you a joint letter by the Harmony, which sails in all next month.

I am, dear Sir, yours, respectfully,

ADONIRAM JUDSON, jun.

Rev. Dr. BALDWIN,

From Mr. Rice to the same—dated Calcutta, Oct. 23,
1812.

Rev. and dear Sir,

ALTHOUGH I have not the happiness of your personal acquaintance, my peculiar situation will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for writing. Little indeed did I think, when leaving America as a Missionary, under direction of the Board of Commissioners, that I should so soon make a communication of such a nature as the present to Dr. Baldwin. It is probably inexpedient to detail the considerations which have recently issued in a change of sentiment respecting the important rite of Christian baptism. For your satisfaction, however, permit me to transcribe a part of my letter to Dr. Worcester, as Secretary of the Board of Commissioners, relative to this interesting event.—“The subject respecting the solemn and important ordinance of Christian baptism, presented itself to my mind in such an attitude, that I could not conscientiously refrain from examining it. With very considerable means at command, I have endeavoured, I trust, with prayerfulness, in the fear of God, and with no small impression of the delicacy and high responsibility of my situation, to give it a careful and very serious examination. But it is with emotions peculiarly afflicting, that I proceed to inform you, that, in the result of this examination, I am compelled to relinquish a view of that sacred ordinance which I have formerly apprehended to be highly important. I am now satisfactorily convinced that those only who give credible evidence of piety, are proper subjects, and that immersion is the proper mode of baptism. This being the case, we think it expedient and proper that I should unite with brother Judson in a mission, rather than with the other brethren.”

For my views respecting the plan of the mission which we wish to establish under the patronage of a Baptist Missionary Society, which we cannot but hope and expect will be soon formed in America, I must beg leave to refer to the letter of brother Judson upon the subject. Indeed, time will only allow me to add, without farther particulars, my affectionate and respectful salutations.

LUTHER RICE.

As reports impeaching the motives of Mr. Judson in his late change of sentiment have been propagated, we feel ourselves called upon in duty to him and to the public, to give the following extract of a Letter, written by Mrs. Judson, soon after the change took place in her own mind, to an amiable young lady of her acquaintance in this vicinity.

Sept. 7th.

CAN you, my dear Nancy, still love me, still desire to hear from me, when I tell you I have become a Baptist? If I judge from my own feelings, I answer you will, and that my differing from you in those things which do not affect our salvation, will not diminish your affection for me, or make you unconcerned for my welfare. You may, perhaps, think this change very sudden, as I have said nothing of it before; but, my dear girl, this alteration hath not been the work of an hour, a day, or a month. The subject has been maturely, candidly, and I hope, prayerfully examined for months.

An examination of the subject of baptism, commenced on board the Caravan. As Mr. Judson was continuing the translation of the New-Testament, which he began in America, he had many doubts respecting the meaning of the word *baptize*.—This, with the idea of meeting the Baptists at Serampore, when he would wish to defend his own sentiments, induced to a more thorough examination of the foundation of the Pædobaptist system. The more he examined, his doubts increased; and unwilling as he was to admit it, he was *afraid* the Baptists were right, and he wrong. After we arrived at Calcutta, his attention was turned from this subject to the concerns of the Mission, and the difficulties with Government. But as his mind was still uneasy, he again renewed the subject. I felt afraid he would become a Baptist, and frequently urged the unhappy consequences if he should. But he said, his duty compelled him to satisfy his own mind, and embrace those sentiments which appeared most concordant with scripture. I always took the Pædobaptist side in reasoning with him, even after I was as doubtful of the truth of their system as he. We left Serampore to reside in Calcutta a week or two, before the arrival of our brethren; and as we had nothing in particular to occupy our attention, we confined it exclusively to this subject. We procured the best authors on both sides, compared them with the Scriptures, examined, and re-examined the sentiments of Baptists and Pædobaptists, and were finally compelled, from a conviction of truth, to embrace those of the former. Thus, my dear Nancy, we are confirmed Baptists, not because we wished to be, but because truth compelled us to be. We have endeavoured to count the cost, and be prepared for the many severe trials resulting from this change of sentiment. We anticipate the loss of reputation, and of the affection and esteem of many of our American friends. But the most painful circumstance attending this change, and that which has caused much pain, is the separation which must take place between us and our dear Missionary

associates. Although we are attached to each other, and should doubtless live very happy together, yet the brethren do not think it best we should unite in one Mission. These things, my dear Nancy, have caused us to weep and pour out our hearts in prayer to Him, whose directions we so much wish and need. We feel that we are alone in the world, with no real friend but each other, no one on whom we can depend, but God.

From the same to Mrs. Carleton.

My dear Mrs. Carleton,

A RECOLLECTION of the intimacy which once existed between us, and which has for a few years been discontinued, on account of our local separation, strongly urges me to wish its revival, and now induces me to write. Although that intimacy was sweet, and free from those bitter feelings of which a difference in sentiment is generally productive, yet a little restraint was felt, which, I am happy to say, is now removed. You will probably hear before the reception of this, of the change which has taken place in Mr. Judson and myself relative to baptism. As Mr. Judson has written the particulars respecting our change, to Dr. Baldwin, it is unnecessary for me now to relate them to you. The severe trials occasioned by such an event, can be realized by those only who are in similar circumstances. The anticipated disapprobation of our friends we love and respect, the loss of the patronage of the Board of Commissioners, together with the privation of the society of our dear missionary associates, exceedingly depressed our spirits. We felt we were alone in the world, with no friend but each other, no one on whom to depend for protection and support, but our heavenly Father. Thus circumstanced, think my dear Mrs. C. how gratifying to our hearts the prospect of having one of our brethren to join us. Soon after we were baptized, Br. Rice, compelled from a sense of duty, began to examine the subject more thoroughly than ever before, although he has had his doubts respecting it for some time. I think he is convinced of the truth of the baptist system, and will join us in a mission in some part of the eastern world. Mr. Rice, and Mr. Judson contemplate a mission to Java. —————

We have found by experience since we left our native land, that the Lord is indeed a covenant-keeping God, and takes care of those who confide in him. I have ever considered it a singular favour that God has given me an opportunity to spend my days in a heathen land. Though he has made it my duty to give up endearing connexions and suffer many privations, yet he has made me feel that he is my portion; and I am happy in the prospect of spend-

* A member of the 2d Baptist church in Boston.

ing my days instructing those who have never yet heard of Jesus. If I may be instrumental of leading some infant female to lip the praise of God, I shall rejoice in the sacrifice of country, reputation, and friends. You can form no idea of the melancholy state of the heathen in this part of the world. Heathen idolatrous temples are every where erected, and the ignorant multitude pay their devotions to the most odious figures of their own making. But their devotions and maxims are not calculated to reform the heart or life. It is all an outward shew, without the least appearance of solemnity or holy devotion. How unlike the religion of the meek and holy Saviour! How opposite its effects and consequences. Who would not be willing to sacrifice worldly comfort, to communicate the news of salvation to the benighted pagans? And what christian in our native land but will rejoice to have an opportunity to contribute his mite for this glorious object. O my dear Mrs. C—— pray much for us in this infant mission. Pray that we may be spiritual and holy; and when your little social circle meet for prayer and praise, remember those poor ignorant females in a heathen land who know no such joys, who have no such animating hopes to comfort their hearts in the dreary hour of death. I shall write you all the particulars respecting this mission when we are settled. Write me every opportunity, and be assured your letters will be a cordial to the heart of your still affectionate

NANCY JUDSON.

Letter from Mrs. Newell.

The following Letter was written by Mrs. NEWELL, the wife of one of the American Missionaries, to the same, dated at the Mission-House at Serampore, in June and July, 1812.

THE last request of my dear Mrs. Carleton, when quitting the beloved land of my nativity, and the sincere affection which I feel for her, are my principal inducements for ranking her among the number of my American correspondents. I have witnessed scenes this morning, calculated to excite the most lively sensations of compassion in the feeling mind. My heart, though, so often a stranger to pity, has been pained within me. Weep, oh my soul, over the forlorn state of the benighted heathens; and oh that the friends of Immanuel in my christian country would shake off their criminal slothfulness, and arise for the help of the Lord against the mighty, in lands where the prince of darkness long has been adored.

The worship of the great god of the Hindoos, has this day been celebrated. We were apprized yesterday at sun-set of its near commencement, by the universal rejoicing of the natives, which lasted through the night. This morning we went in a budgerow,† to see the worship. Between 15 and 20,000 worshippers were assembled.

† A kind of boat.

The idol Juggernaut, was taken from his pagoda, or temple, and bathed in some water taken from the river Ganges, which they consider sacred, and then replaced in his former situation, with shouts of joy and praise; *this* I did not see, the crowd was so great. After this, the people repaired to the river side, where they bathed in the *sacred* waters, said their prayers, counted their fingers, poured the muddy water down their infants' throats, and performed many other superstitious ceremonies, with the utmost solemnity, and and countenances indicative of the sincerity of their hearts. Many of the females were decked with garlands of flowers, nose-jewels, large rings round their wrists, &c. Some deformed wretches and cripples attracted our attention, and excited our compassion. One man, bent almost to the ground, was supported by two of his companions, to the holy Ganges; there, he doubtless anticipated to wash away the pollution of his heart; ignorant of the blood of Jesus, which does indeed cleanse from all sin. Oh that an abler pen than mine would delineate to my ever dear Mrs. Carleton, this idol worship. Surely her pious heart would be filled with tender sympathy for these benighted Asiatics, and her prayers would become more constant, more fervent, for the introduction and spread of the blessed gospel among them. Gladly would American believers leave the healthy, civilized land of their birth, and spend their lives in preaching Jesus to the sultry heathen India, did they but know how wretched, how ignorant they are, and how greatly they need the gospel. Do christians *feel* the *value* of *that* gospel which bringeth salvation?

Let us leave this melancholy subject, and turn to one calculated to fill our minds with holy joy, and devout thanksgivings to God. In this land of darkness, where the enemy of souls reigns triumphant, I see the blessedness, the superior excellency of the christian religion. Yes, my friend, there is in heathen Asia a favoured spot, where the darkness of heathenism is scattered, and the benign influences of the Holy Spirit are felt. Even here, Jesus has a people formed for his praise, redeemed by his precious blood, from eternal wo, and made heirs of bliss, everlasting. "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us bless and praise his holy name." Last Sabbath afternoon I shall ever remember with peculiar emotions, Mr. Ward, a missionary, blessed and beloved of our God, preached in Bengalee, to a large collection of Hindoos and Mahometans. The dear converted natives appeared to enjoy the precious season greatly. To hear them join in singing one of Zion's songs, to see them kneel before the throne of almighty grace, and listen with eagerness to the word of life, was sufficient to draw tears of joy from eyes which never wept before. After service, each dear christian Hindoo of both sexes, came to us with looks expressive of their joy, to see new missionaries; and, offering us their hands, they seemed to bid us a hearty welcome. I said to myself, such a sight as *this*, would eternally silence the scruples and the criminal opposi-

tion to millions of every real believer. While they would intercede for the success of missionaries, and praise the Lord for what he has already done for these once degraded wretches, they would weep, and repent in dust and ashes, for their former criminality. Oh, that every American might be prevented by sovereign grace, from opposing or discouraging those, who feel willing to engage in this work, lest the blood of the heathen, at the last decisive day should be required at their guilty hands.

Last evening, while thousands were preparing for the impure and idolatrous worship of Juggernaut, the native christians assembled in the missionary chapel for prayer. Their engagedness in prayer, though I could not understand a word they said, deeply interested my feelings.*

You will undoubtedly, my dear Mrs. Carleton, wish to know something of the mission family at Serampore, where I am now residing. My most sanguine expectations are all answered. I love every member of the family more and more. God has remarkably blessed this mission. The only missionaries now at Serampore are Dr. Carey, Dr. Marshman, and Mr. Ward. There are four large stone buildings, very commodious and elegant. The printing-office was destroyed by fire, last March. This was a heavy loss. But a large one has been erected, where printing is carried on very extensively. Mrs. Marshman has a large beautiful school of girls, belonging to respectable English families; where they are instructed in all the branches taught in American Academies. Dr. Marshman is likewise engaged in a large school. Dr. Carey spends the greater part of his time at Calcutta. Mr. Ward superintends the printing. Mrs. Ward has the care of providing for the whole mission family.

July 31, 1812.—PROVIDENCE, my dear Mrs. Carleton, has seen fit to change the scene of our labours. The East India Company are so much opposed to the spread of the gospel among their pagan subjects, that they have absolutely forbid our settling in Bengal. They have consented that we should go to the Isle of France, where missionaries are much needed, where there are 18,000 inhabitants, without one minister. We have just left the dear mission house at Serampore. I address you from a budgerow going to Calcutta. We shall sail next Saturday. We have only four days to prepare for a passage of two months. I have not one female acquaintance to accompany me to this land of strangers. But I hear the voice of an Almighty Saviour, saying, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God. Encouraged by these precious promises, I willingly enter upon the sufferings and employments of a missionary life. Oh, that American christians would strengthen me by their fervent prayers. Do not forget the cause of Immanuel, in distant pagan lands. And oh, forget not to love and pray for your friend,

H. NEWELL.

* Thus far this letter appeared in the last Panoplist; but dated at *Calcutta*, instead of the Mission House at Serampore.

From the Panoplist.

Extracts from the Journal of Mrs. Newell, transmitted to her Mother, by the Caravan.

" July 15, 1812. SPENT the greater part of this day in my room alone. Mr. N. went to Calcutta this morning to carry letters to the captain of the ship Francis—Went with Mrs. Ward to one of the mission buildings in the garden, to see the rooms intended for us. There are four convenient pretty rooms, with bathing apartments, which they have kindly offered us and our missionary company. In the afternoon called upon Mrs. M.*—The good woman, as usual, busily engaged in her school. How firm a constitution must she have, to occupy a station attended with so many cares. At four P. M. another message from government was received. Mr. N. and J. ordered to appear before the police again, to receive further commands. Mr. J. immediately took the buggy [chaise] and set out for Calcutta. In the evening, went with Nancy,† and Mrs. W.'s family, to the car of Juggernaut, which stands in the road. A huge building five stories high—images painted all over it—two large horses with a charioteer made of wood in front—with many wheels drawn by the natives with large cables. From the car we walked through the bazar [market] to the temple, where the great god of the Hindoos is now residing—A horrid object indeed!—Not allowed to enter the temple, but could see him plainly—a log of wood painted red, with large hideous eyes—Little images were kept for sale in the bazar. We walked through an immense crowd of Hindoos home. Was confused with the noise and bustle of the place, and excessively wearied with my long walk.

" 16th. Called with Mrs. W. upon Mrs. Carapeit, the Armenian. Mr. Carapeit has gone with brother Kristno on a mission to Jessore—will be absent four weeks. Mrs. C. very ill—can only talk Hindostanee. Brother J. returned about sun-set—A letter from Mr. Newell. He states that a collection has been made for us among the friends of missions in Calcutta. Mr. Thomason presented 500 rupees already collected.

" How dark and intricate are the ways of Providence. We are ordered by Government to leave the British territories, and return to America immediately. Capt. H. will be ready to sail in three weeks. He has requested a clearance, but it has been absolutely refused him, unless we engage to leave India with him. Thus is our way hedged up—thus are all our prospects blasted. We cannot feel that we are called in Providence to go to Birmah. Every account we have from that savage, barbarous nation, confirms us in our opinion, that the way is not prepared for the spread of the Gospel there. The Viceroy would not hesitate to take away our lives for the smallest offence. The situation of a female is peculiarly hazardous. But where else can we go? Must we leave these hea-

* Mrs. Marshman, we presume.

† Mrs. Judson.

then shores? Must we be the instruments of discouraging all the attempts of American christians to give these nations the word of life? My spirit faints within me. These are trials great and unexpected.

"9 o'clock. Just returned from family worship in the chapel. My depressed spirits are a little revived. The good Dr. Marshman felt deeply interested for us, and has been interceding in our behalf—Not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done. I know that the gracious Redeemer will take care of his own cause, and provide for the wants of his little flock. How consoling this—I will trust him and doubt no more.

"17th. I find that writing has become quite pleasant, now I am alone. My natural cheerfulness has returned, and I hope I shall never again make myself unhappy by anticipating future evils, and distrusting the care of my heavenly Father. I have been taking a solitary walk in the mission garden—a charming retreat from the bustle of the world. How happy would a walk with my dear absent mother, or dear brothers and sisters, make me; and yet as much as I long for their society, I am not willing to return to them. Yes, I am positively unwilling to go to America, unless I am confident that God has no work for me to do here. How far preferable to me would be an obscure corner of this pagan land, where the wretched idolaters would listen to the Gospel of Jesus, to all the glittering splendor of a civilized land.

"18th. My dear Mr. N. returned last evening, fatigued in body and depressed in mind. There is now no alternative left but a return to America, or a settlement among some savage tribe, where our lives would be in constant danger. Lord, we are oppressed; graciously undertake for us. We know not which way to direct our steps. O that the Harmony would arrive. All these things are against us. Insurmountable obstacles attend us on every side. Pity us, O ye friends of Immanuel; pity our perplexed situation, and intercede with the prayer-hearing Redeemer for direction in the path of duty.—

"A prayer-meeting in the mission chapel on our account—the dear Baptist brethren deeply interested for us. Fervent were their prayers that God would direct our steps? Four prayers offered—three hymns sung—one chapter read. The exercises were all calculated to comfort our hearts.

"I hear the distant sound of heathen voices. These miserable wretches are probably engaged in some act of idol worship; perhaps in conveying the log of wood, which they call Juggernaut, to his former place of residence.—A conference in the chapel this evening. The bell calls us to breakfast at 8 in the morning. Immediately after, we have worship in the chapel. At half past one we dine—at 7 drink tea—go directly to the chapel again. Sabbath morning and evening service in English—afternoon in Bengalee. Monthly prayer-meeting, Monday morning. Weekly prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening. A lecture for children, Wednesday evening. A conference, Saturday evening.

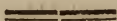
"20th. Mr. Judson preached yesterday morning; Mr. Ward in Bengalee, afternoon; Mr. Newell in the evening. Some good people from Calcutta present at worship—a large collection of hearers—all very attentive. Dr. Marshman returned to day from Calcutta—Brought us some intelligence, which has revived our spirits *a little*. Has had some conversation with Mr. Ricketts, the Secretary, about us. He said the Caravan should have leave to depart, if we would engage to leave the British territories; and that possibly we might have leave to go to the Isle of France, or Madagafcar. So, then, we shall not go to America in the Caravan, but wait the arrival of our dear brethren in the Harmony, and then conclude which way to direct our steps. The Lord is merciful and full of compassion.

"28th. I love dear Mrs. Ward more and more every day. She is remarkably obliging and kind to us. I go constantly to her for advice—she is ever ready to give it. Mr. Newell returned this afternoon from Calcutta. We have obtained liberty from the East-India Company to go to the Isle of France. A vessel will sail for that place next Saturday, commanded by Capt. Chimminant, a serious man. But he cannot accommodate us with a passage. No other vessel is expected to sail at present. We hear that the English Governor favours missions—that a large field for usefulness is there opened—18,000 inhabitants ignorant of Jesus. Is not this the station that Providence has designed for us? A door is open wide—shall we not enter and begin the glorious work? This must be a subject for fervent prayer.

"29th. A world of changes, this! Early this morning brother Judson called at our room, unexpectedly from Calcutta. Capt. Chimminant has agreed to carry two of us, in his vessel, to the Isle of France, for 600 rupees—Sail next Saturday. How can such a favourable opportunity be neglected? Halted long between two opinions—If we go, we shall relinquish the pleasure of meeting the dear brethren, and sister Roxana [Mrs. Nott.] Perhaps we shall never see them more. They may conclude to labour in some distant part of the Lord's vineyard, and we be separated from them through life. I shall go far away without *one single* female acquaintance—the dangers of a long voyage must be hazarded at a critical period.—But here let me stop, and review all the way in which God has led me, since I left my mother's house, and the land of my birth. How have I been surrounded with mercies! What precious favours have I received! And shall I doubt? Oh, no; my heart gladdens at the thought of commencing with my ever dear companion the missionary work, and of entering upon missionary trials and arduous engagements. So plain have been the leadings of Providence thus far, that I cannot doubt its intimations. I will go, leaning on the Lord, and depending on him for direction, support and happiness. We shall leave the dear mission family at Serampore, when another rising sun dispels the

darkness of the night.—Have packed all our things to-day—fatigued much, and very sleepy.—The wanderer and the stranger will ere long repose sweetly on the bosom of Jesus. It is sweet to be a stranger and a wanderer for such a friend as this.—A valuable present from my dear Mrs. Marshman. Thus are all my wants supplied. O for more thankfulness. When will this heart of adamant be susceptible of stronger emotions of gratitude. Bless the Lord, O my dear American friends, for his kindness to me, a stranger in a strange land. O, pray that these abundant mercies may melt me into deep contrition and sorrow of heart for sin.

“30th. I have this morning taken my leave of my dear Serampore friends. After a visit of six weeks, I regret parting with them exceedingly. But such are the changes of this changing world. Friends must be separated; the parting tear will often flow. How consoling the hope, that there is a world where separation will be forever unknown.—A pleasant time in going from Serampore to Calcutta in the budgerow with brother Judson and Mr. Newell—Went on board the ship—Much pleased with the accommodations—Our birth is on deck—a cool pretty place—Dined at Dr. Carey’s—Spent the afternoon at Mr. Myer’s—a charming family, willing to assist us in every thing—Mr. and Mrs. More now residing with them—Drank tea with Mrs. Thomason, one of the kindest, best of women—More money collected for us. Mrs. T. has provided me with many necessaries—Went to church with Mr. and Mrs. T. in the evening—a most elegant church—Heard Mr. T. preach.”



Letter from Mr. Carey.

Just as we were closing our India intelligence, the following interesting Letter was obligingly communicated from our worthy correspondent, the Rev. Dr. ROGERS, of Philadelphia; and as it contains some information not before received, we hasten to lay it before our readers. *Ed.*

My dear Brother,

IT is reported here that war between the British and the Americans is inevitable. I am very sorry for this, on two accounts. First, I deprecate war in every instance, and think that all war which is not absolutely defensive is a great sin, and brings with it a host of evils, both natural and moral. And, secondly, I lament that the intercourse between Christians in America and in other places should be interrupted. I love my American brethren, and hope to spend an eternity with them; the interruption therefore of social intercourse here is highly afflicting.

I wrote to you some time ago, and informed you that two of the American Brethren had considered the subject of believers' baptism, and that the result had been a conviction of its truth and im-

portance. These two Brethren, viz. Brethren Judson and Rice, and Sister Judson have since that been publickly baptized. They, after much trouble from *the Powers that are*, have gone to the Isle of France. Where they will ultimately settle is uncertain: they wished to go to Java, but were forbidden. They have also had their eye on the Burman dominions, but that country has been in a dreadful state of confusion and hostility for a long time. My son was obliged to take refuge on board a ship for fifty days with his family; since that he has been at Serampore, and is now just returning to Rangoon again, with a young man who has volunteered as his colleague. He has written a Grammar of the Burman language, which is now in the press, as is also the New Testament in that language. I wish the American Brethren Judson and Rice would settle at Madagascar. Hall and Nott are gone to Bombay, unless they should stop at Ceylon on the way, which, I believe, they intend. Brother Newell is gone to the Isle of France. I hope the Baptist Brethren in America will exert themselves to support the two who have for conscience sake deserted their all.

Our Brethren and Sisters arrived safe, and are now all well, and happy. We feel greatly obliged to our American Brethren for the kindness shewn to them, and for the renewed instance of their kind remembrance of the work, in which we are engaged. That work continues to grow on our hands, and probably will, more than it does at present. We are engaged in eighteen versions of the Scriptures, ten of which are now in the press, besides two large editions not of our translating, viz. the Tamul and the Cingalese. I hope it will not be long, before at least three other versions, are begun. I am more and more anxious that the work of translation may be carried on with vigour, and brought to somewhat like a close in the languages in which it is already begun; and account it my duty to labour at them continually, and to do all in my power to lay a foundation for their gradual perfection, by writing elementary books in these languages, viz. Grammars, Dictionaries, and the like. Should I, like a pioneer, clear the way for others, I shall be contented. There are fifteen stations now belonging to this mission. One of them, it is true, is not yet occupied; I mean Java, but Brother Robinson has been long waiting for a passage thither, and we have information of there being already materials for the formation of a little church, when he does arrive. Brother Chamberlain is going to Sirdona, to which place he is invited by the son-in-law of the princess who reigns there. This lady is a Roman Catholic. So much good has attended the publication of the Gospel among Catholics, that I am far from doubting about the Begum herself. This place lies far north, and is not far from the mountains which separate Hindoosthan from Tartary, and which are the highest mountains in the world. I have not reckoned Brother Chamberlain among these 15 stations, nor another friend who resides at the capital of the Mahratta kingdom. The

Lord is evidently on his way, and will, I trust, soon remove the covering which is cast over all nations. The work, is that for which the Saviour bled, and to which God cannot be indifferent. I have been much supported by the words of Isaiah—"Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the Lord, the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding." I therefore wait, expecting that the zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform all that his goodness has promised.

Very affectionately yours,

W. CAREY.

Calcutta, Dec. 23, 1812.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Henderson, of Gottenburgh, to the Rev. Mr. Maclay, of New-York.

Helsingburg, Aug. 13, 1812.

My dear Brother,

YOU desire me to transmit an account of our proceedings for some time past. This I shall do with pleasure, though I had really imagined that you must have been generally acquainted with them; so natural is it for us to suppose our actions are known, and attract the attention of our fellow-men, more than they really deserve. But do you not get the Missionary Magazine? It is not only valuable for the rich fund of religious intelligence which it contains, but also for the masterly essays with which it hath abounded of late. I think you would not find the perusal of it unattended with profit. What a difference in habits of thinking, and consequently in composition, is produced by a difference in local situation. On this account, I always like to see something now and then from home. But to begin my narration. Mr. Patterson, who married one of the Moravian sisters in Stockholm, and by whom he has a fine boy, has been engaged these some years with the printing of the Swedish Bible, the Icelandic and Laponesc Testaments, and the printing of tracts in these three languages. The Stockholm Bible Society, which he was honoured to found, continues to flourish beyond the most sanguine expectations which we could have formed. He has since succeeded in establishing a Bible Society at Abo in Finland, which is patronized by the Governor-general, (president) and the bishop, and was not only sanctioned by his majesty the Emperor of Russia, but received an accession to its funds of 5,000 rubles from his own privy purse. They are going to print a new edition of the Finnish scriptures at a cheap price, for the accommodation and benefit of the poor. Mr. P. is now gone to Petersburg to endeavor to institute a similar Society in that capital, which may prove a source of blessing to millions in the vast empire of Russia. He contem-

plates indeed two Societies; one for the Protestant and another for the Greek church; but the latter must be the work of time. Mrs. P. is gone with him, and it is likely they will spend a year or two in that city. Thus you see, our dear friend is gone out with the one end of the Bible Society's chain in his hand, and Mr. Morrison in China has the other; so that there is the strongest probability of the links meeting ere long. What Christian can look for a moment over the globe, and ponder the amazing rapidity which has been given to the exertions of the Bible Society, without being sensible of the magnitude of the events which are soon to be unfolded to the view of an astonished world? The angel with the everlasting gospel has now for some time been flying in the midst of heaven: the second angel hath already announced that *Babylon is fallen*. Antichrist (strictly so called) is just about to rise out of the bottomless pit, and ere long we may expect to hear the third angel saying with a loud voice, "If any man," &c. Rev. xiv. 9 & 10. The Bible Society appears to me to have been most providentially raised up by God, in order to sow the divine seed previous to the dreadful attempt which the infidel and atheistical power is soon to make to eradicate Christianity from the earth. Excuse this digression. I will send you from Scotland, by the first opportunity, a copy of my translation of Rofs on Daniel, in which you will meet with many new, but scriptural ideas on these subjects. As to myself, I have been at Gottenburgh ever since you last heard from me, except about 3 months in 1810, which I spent in Britain. My labours in that place have not been in vain. Several souls have been brought to the knowledge of the truth by my instrumentality, and for more than half a year we were joined in the public observance of the ordinances of the kingdom. This was reckoned a bold step on all hands. I was at length called to an account for it, by the highest ecclesiastical character in the place, but could not be prevailed upon to give up what I had seen it my duty to adopt. Threatening followed, but nothing else has taken place. You will wonder what has brought me to this place: the distance of 150 miles from my flock. The case is this; before leaving Denmark I pledged my services to the British and Foreign Bible Society, to go to Iceland with the Icelandic scriptures when ready. I am thus far on my way to Copenhagen, where I intend (D. V.) spending the winter; next Spring I go to Iceland, where I stop a year, and then most probably return to Gottenburgh. I have been detained here nearly two months for my passport, which I hope to receive to-morrow morning. My time here has been mostly spent in acquiring a knowledge of the Syriac language. Thus, my dear brother, I have given you an account of our affairs as fully as my paper would allow. Religion is far back, both here and all over the continent. If I had a wife, she would doubtless join me in love to Mrs. Maclay and yourself: but I am still *solus*.

I remain your affectionate brother,

EBENEZER HENDERSON.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Stephen Gano of Providence, to the Rev. Mr. Maclay of New-York.

Providence, Nov. 6, 1812.

Dear Brother,

YOUR acceptable favor of the 19th ult. by Brother Winchell, came to hand just as I arrived from a journey, which occasioned an increase of business on my return, and prevented me from replying to you sooner.

We have abundant reason to bless and adore the great Redeemer, for the manifestations of his love and mercy in calling numbers of late from "darkness into light." The good work (as to its visibility,) commenced in February last. For a few weeks previous to this, a number of our brethren and sisters became revived in their Christian exercises, and some anticipated the blessed out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. As for myself, I was alternately between hope and fear, but felt strong desires for such a season. Alas, my dear brother, how little do we know ourselves! I sometimes thought, if my blessed Master would make me instrumental in one more reformation, I could almost adopt the language of Simeon. But I was often made to examine whether the glory of the Lord Jesus was the single object in view. Indeed I often fear the pride of party too frequently engrosses the feelings of Christians, which interrupts their own happiness, and renders them so useless in the best of causes. To return from this digression. In February I baptized one sister. From this time there was evidently an uncommon solemnity upon the minds of the people, and a deep attention to the concerns of eternity. Numbers became convinced of the deceitfulness of sin, and of their own vileness and unworthiness as sinners; which made them cry for mercy. Soon we had the happiness of hearing the songs of souls emancipated from the dominion of sin, and rejoicing in rich, free, distinguishing grace. Every month since the work commenced, I have been called to administer baptism. The greatest number I have baptized at one time was thirty-five. Six of those joined the second church, as they had no one to administer the ordinance at the time. The whole number that have joined the first church since the reformation began, are one hundred and fourteen. About twenty have joined the second church during the same period.

A considerable number have united with the church of which Mr. Wilson is pastor—which is composed of Baptists and Pedobaptists. The precise number that have joined this church during the revival, I have not ascertained; many, if not most of them, have been *buried with Christ in baptism*.* A few have also joined with the Congregational church, under the pastoral care of Mr. Williams. Both of these churches receive persons into their fellowship upon a profession of faith and a change of heart.

* Mr. Wilson is said to be so obliging as to dip, or sprinkle, or pour, according to the wishes of the people.

Persons of different ages have been the subjects of this gracious work ; but the greatest proportion are young people, from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. Several people of colour have also participated in the riches of grace ; and I have rejoiced in having the opportunity of going with them *into the water*, and burying them in baptism. Some of the relations which they have given of the work of God in their hearts, have been truly astonishing and soul-refreshing. We had generally two or three meetings in different parts of the town every evening in the week for divine worship. I have thought that it pleased the Holy Ghost to bless all the means of instruction—Prayer, praise, conference, baptism, the Lord's supper, and the preaching of the word.

In general it has been to me a blessed season. Eternal things have appeared all-important, and the things of time trifling and evanescent. At one church-meeting twenty-four candidates came before the church : they all appeared to speak as in the immediate presence of God, while the fervent glow of Christian affection which pervaded the bosoms of the disciples of our Lord Jesus, made us feel the force of what Paul has said, "of sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

The work has now abated ; yet, blessed be God, the church was never in more harmony and love, and we are still gathering in some berries from the top of the uppermost boughs. I feel my own insufficiency to watch over so large a flock. Oh that Almighty strength may sustain and direct me to the faithful discharge of the duties connected with my important trust ! I believe that every servant who feels his own dependence, will feel for his fellow-servants. Then, I trust, I shall have your prayers.

As to Bristol, the work has been truly astonishing. Within the space of ten weeks, nearly three hundred have professed that they have obtained a good hope through grace. But as I have not been at liberty to visit them except one Lord's Day, it would be impossible for me to communicate such particular information as would be desirable.

Warren has, within two or three weeks past, been blessed with some of this gracious shower ; though not as yet extensive, yet it is thought by the brethren to be increasing, and for which they seem to be really praying.*

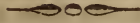
I wish I could have been more diffuse in this account, but time forbids my enlarging. I often reflect, that as all the works of the Redeemer will be the subject of eternal gratitude and praise, so it will not be long (if we truly love him,) before in the light of eternity, we shall celebrate his high praise, and recount the wonders of his grace.

* Since the meeting of the "Baptist Warren Association," in Warren, in September last, there has been a very pleasing work in that place. Fifty, or more, (if my information is correct) have been hopefully converted, and joined themselves to the church under the pastoral care of Rev. Luther Baker. Ed.

Though unknown to Mrs. Maclay, yet having obtained information respecting her, I beg her and you to accept my Christian love, and am

Your brother in the gospel of our Lord Jesus,

STEPHEN GANO.



Communicated for the Magazine.

Copy of a Letter from a young Woman in Hamden County, to her Mother, giving an account of her religious exercises.

May 5, 1812.

My dear and affectionate Mother,

HOW shall I express to you the joy which occasions this letter? When we partake of any peculiar earthly happiness, we naturally desire that our dearest friends, whom we most love and value, should participate in our joys. Shall I then hesitate to disclose my feelings to my tenderest earthly friend, to the guardian of my infant years? Shall I forbear to express to my dear Mother the sacred rapture that fills my heart, the heavenly joy that thrills through my inmost soul, and sweetly employs all my rational powers? No, my dear Mother, I must make the attempt; but it is not in my power to express the happiness I enjoy, nor could an angel's tongue express the wonderful effects of divine grace in the heart. Suffice it then for me to say, that by the blessing of a holy, wise, and gracious God, I have a joyful assurance of the redemption of my soul, by Jesus Christ. O joy unspeakable and full of glory! O the boundless love and mercy of Christ! My thoughts are transported to the regions of immortal glory, while my feeble powers labour for expressions suited to this glorious theme. How inadequate the noblest powers of the human mind, to declare the riches of grace revealed to fallen man! How incomprehensible is the glorious scheme of salvation! Yet we poor unworthy worms are, by the unbounded love of the Son of God, made partakers of its rich blessings through his blood. Eternity will not be too long to proclaim the wonders of that love, which the Saviour bore to the guilty children of men, when he deigned to *be made sin for us*—when for our sakes he suffered the dreadful agonies of death. The angels that surround his throne can never form a song worthy of that glory which was revealed, when on the cross he declared the *work of Redemption "finished!"*—when he *bowed his head and gave up the ghost!* And was this, O my soul, for thee? Yes, for thee he bled, for thee he died, and for thee he rose, and now pleads for thee in heaven. Shall I, then go on in sin, and crucify my Lord afresh? No: Blessed be God, who, by the powerful energy of his Holy Spirit upon my heart, has convinced me of the *evil nature of*

sin, and of my lost and miserable condition in consequence of it; and who has also taught me the insufficiency of all earthly objects to make me happy.

Eternal praise to him, who led me by his Almighty power to Jesus the glorious fountain, and who said to my perishing soul, "*take of the water of life freely.*" O happy moment, when Christ revealed himself to me by his Holy Spirit! O the joy which I felt, when Jesus said to my guilty soul, "thou shalt live!" Such mercies deserve to be repaid by a thousand lives, (had we them to live) all spent in the service of God.

Nor did my Lord delay to give this heavenly comfort: but while my soul was drawn forth to him in prayer for mercy, he gave me an evidence of pardon. O how transcendently glorious and lovely did he then appear to my soul, when viewed by an eye of faith! Transported with heavenly joy, "My tongue broke out in unknown strains, and sung surprising grace."

Nor have these joys been momentary. The sun, (that bright emblem of our glorious Redeemer, whose meridian splendor is but darkness, when compared with his gracious beams,) has twice performed his revolution round the earth, since the glorious *SUN of righteousness* poured his mild radiance on my benighted soul, and dispelled the darkness in which I was involved. The tempest in my troubled bosom was calmed, and tranquillity and joy succeeded. This love still pervades my heart, and I have the never-failing promise, that it will not cease to cheer my days while I trust in him. "O Lord, enable me to prize this blessed promise, that trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, I may spend the remainder of my days in thy service and to thy honor and glory, for Christ's sake, who hath redeemed my soul."

Thus, my dear Mother, I have endeavored to make known to you the wonders which God hath wrought for my soul. And wherein my feeble powers have come short, I trust your own experience will supply the deficiency; and while you partake with me in the new-born joy, may you be enabled to give God the praise.

My dear parents, may I not hope you will pardon and forgive my many deficiencies in filial duty, as Christ is willing to forgive us all; and through him, and by him may we all be prepared to meet in his heavenly kingdom, *and go no more out.*

With all filial duty, I subscribe myself your affectionate daughter,
M—— C——.

On the title of Reverend, &c. in reference to p. 210.

IN reply to an anonymous letter, addressed to the Editor of this work, a few remarks were offered, in number 7, Vol. III. Since

that notice, two communications have been received, one signed, "A Baptist Brother," (probably the same who made the first communication :) the other signs himself "A very proud Man."

As these letters have come into my hands, I have endeavoured to compare them with the note published in the Magazine. After the most careful examination it really appears, that neither of these writers have touched the point in question. The question was not whether "titles" were *commanded* in the New Testament, but whether they were *forbidden*. A moment's recurrence to the above mentioned note will determine this point. In the note it was said, "As this 'Baptist Brother' professes to predicate his objections upon the New Testament, if he will show from that part of the sacred volume, where it is forbidden to style a ministering brother Reverend, &c. it shall be attended to, &c." The "Baptist brother" now under consideration, asks, Is such a proposition candid and fair? I confess I am unable to discern any thing uncandid in it. If I challenge my brother's conduct as being contrary to the New Testament, is it uncandid for him to require me to shew him what part of the New Testament condemns the practice? Let candour answer. On the other hand, if the writer of the note had attempted to defend the use of titles as applied to ministers from the authority of the New Testament, the argument adduced by our "Baptist Brother" would be in point.

It is believed, however, that no person who either gives or receives the ordinary titles which are applied to the ministers of the gospel, whether literary, honorary, or civil, ever pretended to claim them as a divine institution. It will hence be seen, that there is no fair analogy between this subject, and that of infant baptism, as supposed by these writers. *That* is pleaded for as a divine appointment, *this* as a matter of civility, which may be given or withheld indifferently.

Our brother "Proud Man," has one remark that requires a moment's attention. "We have (saith he) the use of the words *Reverend* and *Doctor* in the Bible. The first is applied to God as one of his names and distinguishing characters; the second is found to be used among the pharisaical Jews—and no where as I can find among the Apostles to distinguish between the *learning* of Paul, and the *illiteracy* of Peter."

That *Reverend* is applied to God, is readily admitted; and so is *holy*, (see Psa. cxi. 9.) "*holy and reverend is his name*" Is not *holy*, then, as much one of the names and distinguishing characters of God as *reverend*? It will not, we presume, be denied; but *holy* is expressly applied to men. Paul calls the believing Hebrews, "Holy brethren." (Chap. iii. 1.) The Baptists generally style their ordained ministers Elders. I have no particular objection to this title; but I perceive no more evidence from the New Testament that ministers were usually address'd by the title of *Elder*, than by the title of *reverend*. Paul no where to my recollection address'd,

to *Elder Timothy, Elder Titus, or Elder Peter*. That these were *Elders, Overseers, or Bishops*, will be admitted; but whether they were ever addressed by any of these titles, is much to be doubted.* Least of all, we should suppose these scrupulous brethren would not address a minister, or indeed any other man, by the title of Mr. (or Master;) for this seems to be more plainly prohibited than any other title now in use. (see Matt. xxiii. 8.) After all, it is worthy of consideration, whether there would not be as much propriety in giving the title of *Christian* to any professed believer, as that of *Elder* to a minister? "The disciples were called *Christians* at Antioch, and ministers were called *Elders* at Ephesus."

The writer of this article will not hold himself obliged to notice any further communications on this subject, unless proof is brought forward from the New Testament to prove it to be wrong; but freely consents that every person use his own liberty in the case.

SIMPLEX.

Memoir of Miss Mary Eaton,

Daughter of Col. Thomas Eaton, of Weare, (N. H.) who died in the 26th year of her age.

WE have no account of any special exercises experienced by Miss Eaton, until the year before her death. In the summer of 1810, her mind became seriously impressed. During the fall and fore part of winter, she manifested great anxiety of mind, and seemed to have a deep sense of her dangerous situation. The latter part of the time, her convictions were so pungent and her feelings so tender, that she was scarcely able to converse for weeping and trembling, which led some to think she was *not far from the kingdom of heaven*.

On the 12th of January, 1811, she found *peace in believing*, and on the 30th of April following she was baptized. She mentioned the peculiar satisfaction she had in following her divine Master in this precious ordinance. The great alteration that grace had made in her views, feelings, and outward deportment, was apparent to all, who were intimate with her. In reading the Bible, in religious conversation, and in hearing the Gospel, she evidently took great satisfaction; while the duties of the closet were not less interesting to her. She often expressed her obligations to God, for his un-

* In Acts xx. 17. We are told, "That Paul sent and called for the *Elders* (*πρεσβυτερος*) of the church. These same persons in the 28th verse are called *Overseers*, (*επισκοπος*.) It hence appears, that elders and bishops are of synonymous import. There would then be the same propriety in addressing any minister who had the pastoral care of a church by the title of bishop, as by that of elder.

bounded goodness, in having mercy upon such a great sinner. She expressed an ardent desire for the salvation of those around her; particularly that God would bring in her mates. Her brothers and sister became the objects of her solicitude. Her sister was absent for a considerable time after she experienced a hope in the mercy of God. On her returning home, she conversed with her in the most plain and tender manner concerning the importance of her knowing Christ and him crucified (may God bless it for her eternal good.) She seldom ever missed an opportunity of saying something to recommend religion to her friends when she met with them. Though generally comfortable, she had her dark hours, and sometimes "wrestled hard with doubts and fears," until she again enjoyed the light of God's countenance.

In the course of the summer after she made an open profession, her health appeared to be in a very precarious state; so much so, that her friends were very apprehensive that she would go into a decline; but in the fall her cough in a great measure subsided, and hopes were entertained that she would regain her health. But on the first of January, 1811, having caught a new cold, her complaints returned again, and seemed to threaten her speedy dissolution. She had very little expectation of recovering her health, ever after this last attack. She one day calmly observed, "that she did not know that she had any desire to recover, if she could but enjoy an evidence that Christ was her portion."

During her confinement, she often addressed those who came to see her; exhorting sinners to attend to the great salvation, and Christians to be faithful in the cause of Christ.

She seemed to derive great consolation from the following lines, which she often repeated:

"O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith above the skies;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love."

On the 15th of May, a dark cloud seemed to overshadow her mind. She told her distress to an intimate friend, and earnestly solicited her to pray that she might again enjoy the light of God's countenance. The next morning she observed to her, that during the night which she had passed almost sleepless, many sweet promises had been applied to her soul. Such as, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, &c." This appears to have been her last conflict with the enemy.

After repeating the promises which came to her, she expressed the sweet enjoyment she had in her mind. Then looking upon her mother, she said, "I long to be gone, but I hope I shall have patience to wait all my appointed time." Saturday evening, the family thought her to be dying. She appeared tranquil in mind, though in great distress of body. This, however, did not prove to be the time of her departure. Tuesday, the 19th, she was in great

distress through the day ; but would often say, " I have no reason to complain ; my distress is nothing compared with what my blessed Jesus suffered for me. To one of her friends who came in that afternoon she said, " I am going *the way of all the earth*. It will be but a little while before I shall get home." From this time until about 12 o'clock at night, she said but little, owing to her extreme weakness.

When understanding, by those around her, that she was thought to be dying, she desired her friends to be called into the chamber. Her mamma coming in, observed, " Well, Mary, I believe you are dying." Looking up with a smile, she said, " Well it is no matter how soon, if I am going to my blessed Jesus." Her aged father coming to her bed side, said, " Mary you are going to leave us." Yes said she, taking him by the hand, " I am going, and it is but a little while before you will follow me. Do not, my dear father, put off repentance until a sick bed. What should I now do, if I had no hope ? I have enough to grapple with. I feel for your precious soul." She then addressed her brothers and sisters in a similar manner ; seeing them weep, she said, " Mourn not for me, but for yourselves." Then taking her mother by the hand, she said, " I beg you to be faithful in the cause of Christ, that PRECIOUS CAUSE ! She then repeated the following verse.

" Jesus can make a dying bed, &c.

A few minutes after, she added

" They die in Jesus and are blest'd,
How sweet their slumbers are,
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare."

Soon after, she appeared to be greatly distressed, while the cold sweet of death spread over her emaciated frame. Her mother standing by her, repeated the following lines :

" Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears.

To which she instantly added,

Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years."

Soon after she became easier, and so continued for two or three hours, and then breathed her soul away (as we trust) into the arms of her dear Lord Jesus, without a struggle.

Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.

Memoir of Mrs. Sarah Condy Hoit.

THE subject of this memoir was the wife of Mr. Benjamin Hoit, of Exeter, N. H. and daughter of Doct. Kidder,* of Newmarket,

* Mrs. H. was grand daughter to the Rev. Jeremiah Condy, late pastor of the first Baptist church in Boston.

who departed this life Feb. 1813, aged 34 years. In the year 1799, she hopefully experienced a change of heart, and soon after made a public profession of religion, by being baptized in imitation of Christ, our divine Master. As a Christian she was much distinguished by her ardent zeal for truth. Her early acquirements were so judiciously directed, as to render her piety more conspicuous and interesting. Some time previous to her death, she frequently mentioned her views of approaching dissolution, though her friends could not then realize her danger; they have since thought she must have had some presentiment of her departure. They have since found the following addresses, which she wrote just before she died.

To her daughter who was then at Newmarket, she wrote as follows,

Adieu, dear Sarah, till we meet above,
 In those pure, peaceful realms of light and love;—
 Grain sown in earth, is still its owner's care,
 And evening suns but set to rise more fair.

To her companion, she left the following. Maintaining a spirit of prayer is intimately connected with the duty of searching the scriptures. In vain do we otherwise hope to preserve the life of religion. With our knowledge, we may please and edify others, but all must be cold and dark within, without the fire of love. Backsliding from God usually begins with a careless performance of christian devotion; and spiritual prosperity may be measured by our regard or aversion to private prayer. Be advised then, my dear friend, often to retire for the purpose of enjoying sweet fellowship with your heavenly Father. Fear not, he will not refuse to manifest himself to you. Remember his promise,—*While they are yet speaking I will hear.* The delights of the sons of men are no compensation for the loss of one moment's real fellowship with God. With several other sentences of a similar nature she expressed her wishes for the spiritual prosperity of the surviving. Thus calmly bidding adieu to friends and earthly scenes, her living virtues still continue as impressive lessons and exciting consolations to her friends.—*The righteous shall be in perpetual remembrance.*

Memoir of Mrs. Mercy Lovell.

MRS. MERCY LOVELL, the subject of this memoir was born in Barnstable, 6th of October, Anno Domini 1721. At the age of eighteen she was brought to a sense of her condition as a sinner, and also to see how God could be just and the justifier of such as believe in Jesus. As she experienced religion through the instrumentality of the *New-Lights*, (as they were reproachfully termed,) who were at first principally Congregationalists, she joined that peo-

ple, and continued upwards of thirty years in connexion with that church in this town.

About this time, her husband, Mr. Lazarus Lovell, was convinced that the immersion of a professed believer was the only scriptural baptism. He observed at the time, "I am constrained to set up this light in the town." He was accordingly baptized, which was the first instance of the kind known in the place. This was made instrumental of leading the mind of Mrs. L. to an examination of the subject of baptism. After she was convinced that infant sprinkling was unscriptural, she dissolved her connexion with the Congregational church, and was baptized and received into the Baptist church in this town, not long after its constitution in the year 1772.

Five years ago Mrs. L. was brought apparently to the borders of the grave, her friends despaired of her life, and she daily expected to launch into eternity. But God in mercy raised her again to enjoy a comfortable measure of health, and to witness the displays of *irresistible, discriminating grace* in two more revivals of religion. In those revivals, she seemed to forget the infirmities of her age, and to feel the sprightliness and animation of a young convert. At times she could adopt the language of ancient Simeon, "*Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*"

On the latter part of the last winter she was more indisposed than usual, and began to be pressed down with the infirmities of old age. She appeared sensible that her dissolution was approaching. In the first part of her sickness she complained of stupidity, but at the same time exercised an unshaken confidence in the veracity of God's promises. The everlasting and unchangeable love of God to his church was like an anchor to her soul, both sure and steadfast. Amidst all her darkness she appeared to acknowledge and feel her entire dependence on the Lord, for resignation to his will, and that without him she could do nothing.

A fortnight before her decease, a number of christian friends were present who inquiring into the state of her mind; she observed, "I enjoy more of the presence of God than I have for a long time past." After this an hymn was sung, upon which she observed, "How delightful singing will sound in heaven, where we shall praise the Lord without any sin or imperfection." The next day when some christian friends were visiting her, she lay silent for some time engaged in meditation, a person asked her upon what she was meditating, "I am" said she, "thinking about my blessed Jesus, who has forgiven all my sins, which are millions upon millions! How I long to depart and be with him, and then I shall be holy as he is holy." The day after she observed, "Last night I hoped I should be a corpse to day, not that I wished to be free from pain and distress, but to be delivered from this body of sin and death, that I might sin no more against a holy God." She then exhorted some young christians who were present, to live to

the glory of God, remarking, that she had prayed that God would keep them from the sins of the world, and believed he would keep all that are his.

She continued in a calm and peaceful state of mind, often speaking of the preciousness of Jesus, and the happiness of the redeemed in heaven, till April 10th, 1813, when she fell asleep in Jesus, and as we trust, entered into the joy of her Lord.

Mrs. L. was in the XCIIId. year of her age, and had been upwards of LXX years a professor of religion. It may be truly said of her, that she was a *mother in Israel*. Through the whole of her pilgrimage she maintained the character of a uniform, established, exemplary christian. She in truth complied with the injunction, to "Live peaceably with all men." She was an ornament to the religion of Jesus, and a pattern of good works. For 20 years her house (before a meeting-house was erected) was open for the worship of God. Her heart expanded with love to all saints, and especially to the ministers of Jesus, by whose liberality they were often supplied. It was her meat and drink to do the will of her heavenly Father. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*

Anecdote of a New-Light.

WHEN the religious sect called *New-Lights*, first appeared in Connecticut, between 60 and 70 years ago, they met with considerable opposition, and in some instances were greatly oppressed, on account of their refusing to pay to the support of such ministers as they conscientiously dissented from. A Mr. Birchard of New-London county, whose fervent and powerful exhortations had often disturbed the consciences of his opposers, was one of this new sect. His fervid manner of exhorting led his opposers to give him the nick-name of *Beardown*. As Mr. B. was among the number who refused to pay rates to the parish minister whom he did not hear, the collector was sent with a warrant to take him, with a number of others and commit them to jail. Mr. B. cheerfully resigned himself into their hands, making this remark, from Rev. ii. 10, *Ye shall have tribulation ten days.*

From this, his opposers inferred, that he meant to say, that his imprisonment would be only ten days; but finding the time elapsed, and that he was still confined, some of them collected round the jail, and tauntingly said to him, "What do you think now about having tribulation for ten days?" "Why" replied the old man, "did you know that *Antichrist don't know how to count ten?*" This simple reply both shamed and silenced his opposers.

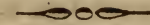
Anecdote of Mr. Sherwood, an English ejected minister.

MAJOR ROBINSON, a justice in Cornwall, was noted for his fury against all Nonconformists. He used to call his feats in disturbing their meetings *fanatic-hunting*. Mr. Sherwood, the ejected minister of St. Hilary, was brought to a meeting of justices, at which Major Robinson presided, on the charge of having preached after his ejection. The fact was, that he had been oftener than once cited to appear in the spiritual court for not going to church; and though he truly alleged that there was no preaching, and that he could not with any satisfaction attend there only to hear the clerk read the prayers, his excuse does not seem to have been considered as sufficient. One Lord's day, therefore, he went to church, and, as usual, there was no minister to preach a sermon. Mr. Sherwood observing this, went up into the pulpit and prayed, and then preached from these words, "I will avenge the quarrel of my covenant." The report of this went abroad, and his enemies were determined to put the intolerant laws in force against him; but such was the general affection for Mr. S. that though there was a crowded congregation in a great church, no one would come forward to give information against him; and his persecutors' design would have been frustrated at the very beginning, if they had not by threats terrified the church-warden to make the information. He was apprehended on this, and taken to the justice's meeting, where he was reviled by Robinson, who called him rebel, and other opprobrious names. He calmly replied, "That as he was a minister of the gospel, and at the church where there was so great an assembly, he could not but have compassion on the multitude, and give them a word of exhortation." Robinson said, "But did ever man preach from such a rebellious text?" "Sir, (replied Mr. S.) I know man is a rebel against his Creator, but I never knew that the Creator could be a rebel against his creature." Robinson immediately ordered him to be committed to Launceston jail, and, turning to Mr. Sherwood, said, "I say, sir, it was a rebellious text." Mr. S. looked at him with great earnestness, and said, "Sir, if you die the common death of all men, God never spake by me." He was then sent to prison, where he remained till Robinson died in the following remarkable manner:

He sent one day to a neighbouring justice to go with him a fanatic-hunting; and while his man was making ready his horse, he went into a field, where he sometimes used to amuse and divert himself in a playful manner with a bull, which grazed there. According to his custom, he was fencing at him with a quarter staff, when the bull ran fiercely upon him, struck his horn into Robinson's thigh, and threw him over his back, by which his thigh was torn up to his belly, and one of his legs was broken. The bull then gored him a second time, roared, and licked his blood. Some workmen, who were not far off, ran to his assistance, but could not

drive the bull away till they brought dogs for the purpose. The Major's sister hearing of the disaster, came, and said, "Alas, brother, what a heavy judgment is this!" He replied, "It is a heavy judgment indeed!" He was carried home, and soon died.

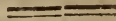
This awful event was much noticed in the country; and leave was given to Mr. Sherwood to return home. At the next sessions he was sent for by the justices, and went, under the persuasion that they were about to remand him to prison: but when he came, Mr. Godolphin, one of the justices, took him aside, and said, "Sir, I sent for you to know how you came to express yourself in such a manner, when we committed you: you know, sir, what has since befallen Mr. Robinson." Mr. S. replied, "Sir, I was far from bearing any malice against Mr. Robinson, and can give no other answer than that when we are called before rulers for his Name's sake, whom we serve, it shall be given us in that very hour what we shall speak." To which Mr. Godolphin replied, "Well, sir, for your sake, I will never more have a hand in persecuting dissenters."



Ordinations.

ON Lord's day afternoon, March 27th 1813, at the meeting-house of the 2d Baptist church in Philadelphia, James Wiley, Nicholas Le Huray, and Peter Hebbart were set apart by ordination to the office of deacons. On the occasion Dr. Rogers preached from John xiv. 15. *Keep my commandments.* Brother White offered the ordaining prayer; which was accompanied by the imposition of hands, and Brother Staughton gave the charge.

On Lord's day morning, the 28th of the same month, at the meeting house of the Baptist church in Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Philip Jones, John Gregory, and Wm. H. Richards were set apart to the same office. Dr. Rogers preached from Isai. xlii. 5. *Fear thou not, for I am with thee* Brother Staughton prayed over the candidates, while by Brethren Rogers, White, Billings and himself hands were imposed. Brother White afterwards delivered the charge.



DEATHS.

In Goamalhta, (India) in the course of the last year, Mr. Richard Mardon, one of the Baptist Missionaries.

Also, Mrs. Mardon, and Mrs. More, both belonging to the same mission.

In Wardsburg (Ver.) in July last, Elder Stephen Choat. We know not the circumstances of his death. He was esteemed as a man of respectable talents and piety.

In Smithfield, (Pen.) while on a mission last fall, Elder Samuel King, of Wendall, in Franklin county (Mafs.) Mr. King was a pious laborious preacher of the word, and much esteemed by all his friends.

In Woodstock, (Conn.) on the 14th of April last, the Rev. Abel Le Doyt, Pastor of the first Baptist church in that town, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.*

Mr. Le Doyt was a plain unlettered man ; but not an ignorant man. He was well acquainted with his Bible, and with its distinguishing doctrines, which he endeavoured to preach with all becoming plainness and simplicity. Few men (it is believed) have lived more uniformly devoted to the service of their Divine Master, or enjoyed more extensively the confidence and esteem of the brethren with whom he was acquainted.

Mr. L. it is said, was taken ill on the Lord's day preceding his death, while preaching on a funeral occasion. Was carried home sick, and died the Wednesday following. "In the midst of life, we are in death." Having faithfully fulfilled his ministry, we have no doubt but he has entered into the joy of his Lord.

In Bellingham, (Mafs.) Rev. Valentine W. Rathbun, aged 52, Pastor of the Baptist church in that place. Mr. R. was highly esteemed for his talents and piety as a preacher of the gospel. He preached the Lord's day before his death, and in the evening of said day while in his barn, he stepped suddenly against the edge of a board, which wounded him internally, and left him to languish in excruciating pain until he expired." *(Pub. papers.)*

Mr. Rathbun has left a circle of friends, besides a bereaved widow and children, to mourn his sudden and awful death. How solemn the visitation. How inscrutable the ways of Jehovah! Surely we may say with Cowper,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

In Portland, (probably) April 29th, Miss Eleanor Blood, youngest daughter of Rev. Caleb Blood, of that place. The funeral obsequies were attended on the 1st day of May ; but such was the distressed state of the family by reason of sickness, that not one of them were able to follow her to the grave.

Miss B. had *from a child known the Lord*, and followed him, as we have reason to believe with a sincere heart. As she had been enabled to maintain a holy humble walk while in health, so in her last sickness she was enabled to exemplify the supporting influence of divine grace. She was favoured with enlarged views of the heavenly state, and of her interest in the finished righteousness of the Saviour. Having *kept the faith*, she has left behind her the *good name, which is better than precious ointment*.

* We are not certain that we are correct as to the *day* of Mr. L.'s death nor of his age.

Fall of Antichrist. Rev. 17th.

By. Rev. J. Moore, of Virginia.

ORIGINAL.

COME, all ye dear believers,
 Who wish to own the Lord ;
 Take up your cross and follow,
 Directed by his word.
 In all his institutions
 With solemn reverence join ;
 Soon Jew and Gentile nations,
 In Zion shall combine.

Fear not the frowns of scoffers,
 Nor tremble at the rage ;
 Of those, who though professors,
 Against the truth engage :
 As scribes and priests, and lawyers,
 And mitred bishops too ;
 Popes, Cardinals, and Friars,
 With all that they can do.

They talk of circumcision,
 And ancient custom plead ;
 Observ'd by all the Fathers,
 A holy pious seed.
 They talk of christians' offspring,
 In covenant with God ;
 Tho' ignorant of Jesus,
 And his atoning blood.

O flee their schemes of priest-craft ;
 Those soul bewitching snares,
 That captive lead the simple,
 As sacred truth declares.
 They keep their own tradition,
 And gospel rites dispise ;
 And of the poor and simple,
 Make shameful merchandise.

Reject their wicked counsels,
 Their errors cast away ;
 Escape those chains of darkness :
 O hear Jehovah say,
 Come out of her, my people,
 Nor of her crimes partake ;
 Before my dreadful fury
 In storms of vengeance wake.

Behold the mighty angel,
 And hear what he doth say ;
 While lifting up the milstone,
 He cast into the sea :

Thus shall proud Babel's kingdom,
 In utter ruin fall,
 No more 't oppress God's people,
 No more be found at all.

Rejoice ye saints and martyrs,
 That God has visited
 Her bloody crimes and murders
 Upon her guilty head.
 Thus awful vengeance siezes,
 Its long devoted prey ;
 Her glories all departed,
 Her riches fled away.

See troops of mourning merchants,
 And tradesmen stand aloof ;
 They wring their hands for sorrow,
 And cry that awful truth :
 Alas ! Alas ! she's fallen,
 And all our wealth is gone ;
 There's none to buy our purple,
 We're utterly undone !

The Lamb now stands on Zion,
 And saints around him bow,
 Great God, we own thy judgments
 Are just and righteous too.
 We shout our hallelujahs
 To thine eternal Name ;
 For now the hour is coming,
 And marriage of the Lamb.

The bride adorn'd with jewels,
 All dug from gospel mines ;
 And drest in richest garments,
 The rising sun outshines !
 How like a glorious city
 Fair Zion doth appear ;
 Nor sun nor moon is needed,
 The Lord himself is there !

Amen, loud hallelujahs,
 Let saints and angels sing ;
 For lo, the Lord Jehovah
 Is now come down again.
 A thousand years in triumph,
 The church on earth obtains ;
 Loud let the Jub'lee trumpet
 Announce that Jesus reigns.

For use only

U 12

B.M.M.

~~Discarded~~

6547

For use in Library only

I-7 v.3
Massachusetts Baptist Missionary

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00317 2717